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IDLENESS.

(By LADY COOK, nee TENNESSEE CLAFLIN.)

It is somewhat singular that amongst a nation so hard-working as the English, idleness and gentility should be popularly synonymous. "The butcher, the baker, the candle stick-maker," and other tradesmen, as well as the upper ranks of business men, generally look forward to the day--the happy day as they fondly dream--when they shall have made enough money to retire from work and can enjoy their otium cum dignitate. There is something natural about this. They are then self pensioned. They have earned the right of repose. They have fought the battle of life and come off victorious in a pecuniary sense. Whether they can cast aside their old habits with ease and find employment in new ones, is for their own consideration only. Anyhow, they are entitled to make the experiment. And were the matter to rest here, little or no mischief would ensue.

Unfortunately, however, the success of the parents usually begets a particuliar ambition in the minds of the children. The daughters desire to be ladies, the sons to be gentlemen. This, of course, would be praise worthy if connected with a useful career. When, however, as is too often the case, it means simply to live an idle life, squatting lazily upon the hardearned fortunes of their fathers, it becomes a calamity for all concerned. But when it also leads them to be ashamed of their origin, and of the honest methods by which their affluence has been secured, it is little short of depravity --mean, despicable, repulsive.

Such false views of life and of what is becoming, must needs lead to disaster. Because, to make up for want of birth or breeding, they launch out into vulgar extravagance, endeavoring to dazzle where they cannot convince. Yachts, races and hounds, expensive establishments, gambling and voluptuous living, are a few of the means by which the carefully gathered wealth of successful merchants or professional men is dissipated by their heirs. Very few of these care to walk in the steps of their fathers, or to engage in the occupations which made them rich. And probably the first lessons in wild expenditure on the part of these prodigal sons were learnt at our Universities, where, for a long period, generations of vain or weak-minded youth have been hopelessly corrupted.

It is sad to reflect how often the methods by which a successful man endeavors to advance the position of his children become the means of their ruin. He reflects, it may be, on his own scanty education or other disadvantages in early life, and determines that his sons shall fare better. They shall go to some great Public Shool, or to Oxford or Cambridge. They shall learn all that may be learnt in these homes of the Moses. They shall mix with gentlemen and noblemen, make superior acquaintances, and catch their tone. And, that they may not be prejudiced by his status, he supplies them most liberally with pocket-money, and encourages them to shine in the display of wealth. After a long course, during which parental hopes have been excited, they often return to the old roof with only a thin veneer of scholastic acquirements, but deeply engrained with all the vices which, it is well known, these seminaries are able to teach. Their ostentation while there was secretly ridiculed by their companions; their morals are ruined, and they come back with appetites whetted for profligacy, despising business, averse to usual occupations, and impatient of their family and home surroundings.

In those cases, however, where these evils have been minimised or even avoided, where they have really studied and their habits and conduct have been fairly decent, they are still as averse as the former to the occupations of their parents, and are occassonally promoted to endeavor to distinguish themselves in fashionable society. This is often very difficult. Nevertheless, youth, money, and preseverance, can accomplish much in time. And if they succeed, what is the result? A more reputable mode of squandering than that of others, but a life of greater uselessness. And the mistakes of both classes arise through the fault of the parents.

For all true education beings at home. Correct habits and thoughts must not only originate there, but must there be quickened into activity and be trained to steady discipline. As the tree is, so are its fruits; and as the home is, so are its children. In an atmosphere of honour they will be honourable--surrounded by deceit they will be deceitful. Where wealth is worshipped they will bow also. Where idleness is tolerated they will despise work. It is worse than vain--it is criminal--to send youths with unformed characters into great schools and colleges, and expect them to profit by the experience. Nothing less than deeply rooted sentiments of purity, and habits strong from daily use and correct from conviction, can enable them to escape the contamination inseparable from these establishments.

The devout Anselm said that "Idleness is the sepulchre of the living man." He who does nothing is nothing; he is engulfed, swallowed up and obliterated by the tenure of his existence. He is worse off than if he had never been, for he neglects the opportunities which God and his age have given him. The old proverbs say: "Idleness and dust are sworn friends"; "Idle men are the devil's playfellows"; "Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world." The moralists from Solomon to Dr. Watts, have not only vented their strictures on idleness, but on sluggishness as well. To be dilatory or perfunctory is to be partially idle. To be improvident is the same. We are invited to consult Nature and imitate her foresight. And "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," said the Preacher, "do it with thy might."

Idle and addle have the same meaning, and, with ail, are derived from the same word, which signified to be sick, corrupt, void. An idle person is an ailing person, sick in body or mind, corrupt in morals, void in understanding. An idle life is an addled life, noxious, unproductive, and dead to all goodness. Yet this is the life which so many covet and others are proud to possess, and this is the individual who is allowed precedence over the industrious.

"Nature fits all her children with something to do," said the poet, and truly there is so much to be done in the world-- physically, mentally, morally--that it befits none to be idle. There are Augean stables to be cleansed, ancient and mighty wrongs to be rectified, grave abuses to be redressed, and dense clouds of ignorance to be dispelled. The world mourns for want, and misery, and crime, and "the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." Power and injustice trample upon the weak and the innocent. Nation is armed against nation, and "a man's foes are they of his own household." Poverty prays in vain for its daily bread. We see the industrious idle from compulsion, and the wicked criminal from want of knowledge. Our boasted brotherhood is a poetic dream. Each fights for his own hand, regardless of others, and the end no man can foresee.

"So many worlds so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

surely humanity requires the best efforts of all its members. This is no place for idlers or lovers of false gentility. There is work to be done, serious, patient, and persistent work, not the service of the slave, but the cheerful labour of the free man, full of loving kindness. The world is still young, and noble duties lie before it. As it grows wiser it will grow happier, until love supplant selfishness and becomes the universal law of its being. As Tennyson sweetly sang the Great Worker:-

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they,

We have but faith: we cannot know:
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

The act passed by the last legislature authorizing the killing of wild horses throughout the state, has developed a profitable industry in the northern part of the state and camps of hunters have been established at all of the springs and water courses where the bands resort. The hides sell for two dollars each and the hair of the manes and tails brings fifteen cents a pound.

Who is the dispenser of the political "pap" in Nevada this year? We don't hear anythnig about probable mint appointees. Can it be that the "dirty dozen" or so of renegades who put party spoils above principle are not to be rewarded for their adherence to Mc and Mark. This would be the "unkindest cut of all," or is it possible that they are already entirely comprised in the present incumbent, and will hold over through lack of a sufficient number of the "faithful" on the outside to take their places. Who is the bellwether of the flock? —Times Review.

ELECTRICAL BLONDS.

A Kansas Professor's Scheme for Turning Negroes White.

He Thinks the Skin of the Ethiopian Can Be Bleached by the Use of Electricity—Many Eager Applicants.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Yes. It only remains to be ascertained just how to apply the current of electricity. Prof. Lucien Blake, of the chair of electro-chemistry of the Kansas university, said in a recent lecture that the negro owes his color to a carbon pigment in the tissues of the skin.

"If a current of electricity be sent through the tissues of the body that contain moisture," continued the professor, "as all tissues of the body do, the tendency of the current is to decompose and transport certain of the elements that make up those tissues and liquids. Gold and silver and all the metals are deposited out of their solution by currents of electricity in this way in the arts. If it can be found that a current of electricity will thus transport carbon out of its pigment layer, as found in the negro, then this pigment will lose its black color."

Whether this carbon can thus be removed will have to be made the subject of experiments. Prof. Blake was asked how he would go about making an experiment of this kind, but he refused to give the information, saying he does not care to earn the reputation of being a sensationalist. He does not doubt that the result could be accomplished.

"There is a process in common use in dentistry," he said, "known as 'cataphoresis,' by which substances are carried bodily by a current of electricity. For instance, cocaine is transported along a nerve of the tooth, with the result that the nerve is made temporarily insensible to pain. Now, if by this process of cataphoresis, some substance could be conveyed beneath the negro's epidermis to act upon the pigment, dissolve and remove it, the desired result would be accomplished.

"Another way might be to place the candidate for a white skin in a common water bath, insert one pole of the battery in the water, and place the other upon the negro's body. A mild current of electricity would then diffuse itself equally over the subject's body. But the point of making it remove the carbon without destroying the tissue would have to be determined by careful experiment.

"You would be surprised," said Prof. Blake, "to know how many letters I have received from colored people lately. You will remember that in the course of a recent lecture in Kansas City I said that I believed that by the application of an electric current the pigment which gives to the negro his black skin could be decomposed and that the skin would become white. I think that I must have had 50 letters since then from negroes who would like to change color."

"Are the letters from men or women?"

"Well, principally, I think, from men, but I have had several from women."

"What is the general tenor of the letters?"

"All of the writers express a great desire to be white, but they are particular to say that they do not want to be physically injured by the process. One girl wrote a very funny letter. She said that she would be perfectly willing to have me experiment upon her, if I would guarantee not to spoil her beauty. Not being conversant with the lady's particular style of beauty, I am unable to say whether or not it would be damaged by the operation."

"Are the letters all signed?"

"The greater part of them are, but some are anonymous. Many of the productions are humorous in the extreme, but there is no doubt of the earnestness of the writers. They have a consuming desire to be covered with Caucasian skin."

"Have you accepted the offer of any of the applicants who are willing to become the subjects of the experiment?"

"Not yet. But I hope to begin some experiments when I shall have completed my lectures here. You understand that I do not state positively that this thing can be successfully and harmlessly done. While I believe that the color can be removed, the process might have some undesirable effect on some of the other tissues of the body. That is a thing which I should have to investigate more fully before I should be willing to enter on an experiment."

"Would you experiment upon the entire body at once?"

"No. I should start on one member —an arm, for instance. I could soon determine whether or not there would be any ill effect from the process, and the subject would be perfectly safe. If the plan worked well, I could then take up the rest of the body."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Sparrow's Ride in a Fly Wheel.

Birds have all sorts of queer adventures, but perhaps what was the oddest one of recent days is that which befell a sparrow at Anderson, Ind. It flew into a knife and bar factory, and, getting too near a small wheel, was sucked in. The workingmen noticed it go into the wheel, but knowing that the cylinder was revolving at a speed of 130 revolutions a minute, took it for granted that the bird had been killed. When the factory shut down at noon the men were astonished to hear a gentle chirp from the wheel, and lo, there was the sparrow as well as ever. They found that the bird had clung to the strengthening rod of the wheel and was in a semi-dazed condition. They picked him up and put him on a table, and thence, after collecting his wits, the little bird flew to freedom. The wheel in which the bird rode made 31,000 revolutions while it was upon it, and so [illegible]

DIPLOMATIC AUCTIONS.

Bric-a-Brac Bargains in Washington Eagerly Sought.

The Belongings of Retiring Foreign Officials Are Put Up at Public Sale—Imposition Often Practiced.

A graceful custom among foreign diplomats at Washington is the auction sale which frequently befalls on the occasion of the recall of one of our alien ambassadors or ministers.

They don't allways come off, of course. Sometimes, as was the case when Fava —he's back here now—went home, there was no auction of legation effects to mark the great event, as there was in that eminent Italian's case no legation effects. Nor was it true when the recent Turk set sail. But he, poor Mussulman, was so threatened in his perturbed mind with immolation so soon as he should arrive at Constantinople, so sure that it was a case of the bowstring and the Bosporus in his business, that he had no heart for commerce.

But, aside from these, the other three "diplomats" who have lately returned from here hung out the red flag of trade, hired some local chanter to cry the wares and had "a sale." The Austrian was the last to do this. This is the system:

For two weeks before their excellencies decamp the local papers revel in a long and lurid "ad.," recounting the recall of the ambassador or minister, and declaring how on a certain day all people so minded are invited to appear and contest at public vendue for a dazzling list of plunder in said "ad." set forth.

Prime among the properties for sale you will notice wines and many a thing besides that are as articles of commerce highly tariffed. But in these cases courtesy has held the tariff at bay. All of a legation's wines and cigars and furniture—in fact, everything of a personal sort of that a legation causes to be brought to America —is passed scot free at our customs. One will readily discern that a ripe profit might be made to roll pleasingly up at one of these untariffed legation sales. Our town tradespeople must, however, pay the fiddler in each noble instance.

At these sales snobdom turns stoutly out. The bidding is hot and fast and high. There is nothing to be lusted for by a certain sort of American, cringingly numerous hereabouts, as a wine which has been justified by an ambassadorial taste, or a piece of furniture or bric-a-brac which has been soiled by noble and titled contact. And therefore these legation auctions furnish the most heated combats. And many a fool is fleeced.

It is also to be remarked that these sales string out in endless fashion, day following day, as fools flock to be bunkoed. The stock, whether of wine or furniture or cast-off noble garments, never runs low. The widow's store of oil showed no better staying powers. As long as custom hangs about the chanters shout, the red flag floats and the stock of goods to be disposed of flows by with current unabated.

For, mark you, rather than disappoint or send any full-hearted alien chaser away from this sale with aching heart and empty hands, the auctioneer each night moves in a new stock to replace the disappearances of the day before. Each morning the legation rooms are as unstripped, the cabinets as full of bric-a-brac, the bins as replete with rare old wines as at the beginning.

Thus it runs forward until no more sheep appear to be shorn and even the toadies have enough. Then the flag comes down and the legation sale is at an end.—N. Y. Journal.

SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.

PIOCHE LODGE NO. 23.

MEETS EVERY TUESDAY AT 7:30 o'clock in their hall on Main street. Visiting Brothers cordially invited to attend.

J. D Campbell, N. G.

E. F. Freudenthal, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.

PIOCHE LODGE NO. 26.

THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF Pioche Lodge No. 26, A. O. U. W., are held in Odd Fellow's Hall on Wednesday evening of each week at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.

C. O. Newell, M. W.

H. E. Freudenthal, Recorder.

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